ELEGIES
ON THE
QUEEN
AND
ARCHBISHOP.

BY

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And Chaplain to the most Honourable
JOHN Lord Marquess of *Normanby*.

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On the

DEATH

OF

Her Late Sacred Majeſty

MARY

Queen of England, &c.

A

Pindarique Poem.

I.

AH *ſinful Nation!* Ah ungrateful *Iſle!*
See what thy *Crimes* at laſt have done!
At laſt thy *Pride*, thy *Glory's* gone,
Thy beauteous *Sun* no more muſt on thee *ſmile:*
Thy *Dove* is ſhelter'd in the *Ark*,
The *Heav'ns* are *ſilent* all, and *dark*;
Dark as thy *Fate*, or where
Thro' horrid *Rifts* ſome *Streaks* of Light appear,
They *bode* a dreadful *Flood*
Of *Fire* and *Blood:*
So *Sodom* look'd when *Lot* was fled,
The wrathful *Skyes* wore ſuch a *gloomy* red,

While the *deſtroying Angels* hov'ring ſtood,
And only did the *Signal* wait
To pour their full-charg'd *Viols* down
On the *devoted Town*,
Scatt'ring wide *Ruin*, and inevitable *Fate*.

II.

Thus *Sodom ſinn'd*, and thus it *fell*,
Their *Paradiſe* transform'd to *Hell*,
Whoſe pitchy *Streams*, long in Earths *Caverns* loſt,
Riſe from the *Shades* of *Death* and *Night*,
And *dare* th' almoſt forgotten *Light*;
Agen they riſe on *Albions* diſtant Coaſt;
And fear not we their *Fate* who all their *Lewdneſs boaſt*?
Each *Age*, each *Sex*, each *Order* and *Degree*
Full-ripe, and *bending* for *Deſtruction* ſtand,
And joyn their *Crimes* to ſink a guilty *Land*,
Nor can, alas! it ſelf th' *Attoning Altar* free.
Yes, — we their *Fate* in vain wou'd ſhun
If on their *Crimes*, and *worſe* we run;
Already is the *Plague* begun;
Some *Scalding Drops* already fall
Beck'ning the reſt away,
While thoſe who might the *Pile* of *Vengeance* ſtay,
Wiſe *Heav'n* aſide does call;
From its *ſtrong Arm* all *Interceſſors* throw,
For fear their *ſtronger Prayers* ſhou'd ſtop the *Blow*.

III.

It is reſolv'd, ſaid the *All high*;
Patience divine no longer now can bear,
Mercy it ſelf no more can *ſpare*;
Soon ſhall they *feel* that *Pow'r* they now *defie*;
Henceforth I *cancel* their abus'd *Reprieve*:
In *Hell*, if not on *Earth*, they ſhall a *God believe*.
Go then, ſaid he, to an *Attendant Might*,
The faireſt *Form* of all the *Sons of Light*;

The ſame who our *bleſt Queen* to *Albions* Shores convey'd,
The ſame who *hail'd* the bright Judean *Maid*;
Go, *Gabriel!* to that *ſtubborn Spot* which lies
Amid th' Atlantic *Main*,
Which *that*, and *me*, who fix'd its *Shores*, defies;
Go, ſince a *Bleſſing* they, like *her*, deſpiſe,
Go, bring my *Pledge* again!
Haſt! For, till from the *thankleſs Iſle* ſhe's gone,
Nothing muſt to the *thankleſs Iſle* be done:
Gladly the *pitying Mind* for a *Reverſe* had ſtaid,
Might his important *Charge* have been *delay'd*;
But ſince the *Doom* was fix'd, the *pitying Mind* obey'd.

IV.

This ſoon was to our *Guardian* known, for who
Heav'ns *mind* e'er better knew?
Who, e'er among the *Sons of Men*?
Our *Guardian now*, our watchful *Primate then*:
Our *Puniſhment* he did too juſtly dread,
Which in our *Sins* he plainly read:
Low on his *Knees* himſelf he threw
Before th' *Eternals Throne*,
As *Jacob*, e'er he over *Peniel* paſt;
Still kept his *Graſp*, and held th' Almighty faſt;
Agen th' Almighty ſaid — *Let me alone!*
Still he *perſiſts*, till *toucht* himſelf he found
As *Iſr'el* then, and lifeleſs *ſtruck* the *Ground*:
Far more of *hers* than his own *Fate* afraid,
Agen he *roſe*, agen he *pray'd*,
Agen he askt ſhe *might not goe*,
Nor was o'ercome, but with a *ſecond Blow*:
Since *ſhe* muſt *dye*, he covets *Life* no more,
He ſaw 'twas *Fate*, and gladly went *before*.

V.

Thus half the *mighty Work* was done;
One ſide of our bleſt *Queen unguarded* ſtood,
For *Fate* to *ſtrike* where e'er it wou'd;

She *follow'd* ſoon when once her *Harbinger* was gone:
How *various Deaths*, and yet how *ſure*
(The firſt *Deſign*, againſt her e'er took place,)
Did ſhe, *undaunted*, face?
How *firmly* did ſhe all, and *like her ſelf*, endure?
She only ſtill remain'd *unmov'd*;
She only not her *ſelf admir'd* and *lov'd*:
All *Ages* now th' almoſt *forgotten Temples* crowd,
And for *her Safety* and their *own* they vow'd;
To Heav'n they all her *Virtues* tell,
Which knew 'em but alas! too well
It knew how *ripe* for Heav'n they were,
How much too *good* for this *bad World* to ſhare.

VI.

See where a *Hoſt* of *Widdow'd Matrons* come!
Before the *unpropitious Altars* laid
In vain their *Crys deaf* Heav'n *invade*;
See where they *tire* the *Stars* for aid,
But can't *reverſe* her *Doom!*
See where as many *Smiling Orphans* go,
As yet almoſt too *young* to *feel* their *Woe!*
Yet do they *raiſe* their *little Hands* and *Eyes*,
Yet do they tell the *unrelenting Skyes*,
They all muſt *dye* if their *new-Mother* dyes.
Near theſe, bright *Confeſſors* and *Exiles* ſtood:
Such *Bounty* from *Our Country's* Parent ſhown,
As made 'em here almoſt *forget* their *own*;
Glorious with *honeſt Scars*, and ſprinkled all with *Blood.*
Theſe, and a thouſand *Miſerables* more,
Who at her *Palace* oft did wait,
As thoſe who at *Bethesda* ſate,
Till them high *Heav'n* ſhou'd by the *Angels Hand* reſtore;
All theſe with interrupting *Tears* repeat
How far the *Good* in her excell'd the *Great*:
The *much* ſhe did, and *more* ſhe ſtill *deſign'd*;
Which, like their *Pray'r*,
Was *loſt* in *Air*,
And ſcatter'd into *Wind.*

VII. How

VII.

How *poor* are all the *Honours Art* can give?
The *Heralds* pompous Skill, how poor?
Nor can it *Grant*, nor Fame *ſecure*,
Nor *need* it thoſe, bright *Saint!* who like thee *live*.
Jewels and *Stars* themſelves would be.
When in thy Arms *falſe Heraldry*
Yet that bright *Topaz* of the *Air*,
Which ſcatters round perpetual *Light*,
Hardly his *Rays* than hers leſs bright,
The *Sun* himſelf is *likeſt* her:
As *conſtant* ſhe her *Bleſſings* round her ſent,
As *ſilently* did ſhe her *Alms* diſpence,
Hs *Friendly* was her *Influence*,
As *deep* ſhe *pierc'd*, as *wide* her *warmth* and *bruntу* went:
Yet with more *care* her *Virtue* did *diſguiſe*
Than conſcious *Sinners* take to *hide* their *Vice*.

VIII.

Tho there, alas! ſo *ſhort* her *ſtay*,
The *Court* it ſelf ſh' had learnt to *pray*:
The *Court*, a wild *Serail* no more,
Where *Virtue* a neglected *Stranger* grown,
As 'twas in *Reigns* before;
Nor yet a dull *monaſtic Cell*,
Where *ſullen Superſtition* rears its Throne,
A *hive* for the *Religious Drone*,
Where *ſilence* never comes, and *Diſcord* loves to *dwell*:
A *Pattern* of the *Active Life* ſhe Reign'd;
Her *Life*, like her fair *Mind*, *unſtain'd*.
She needed not a *Crown* to've made her *ſhine*,
Her *Goodneſs* ſcatter'd ſomething *more Divine*.
Slowly ſhe took what Heav'ns wiſe *Bounty* gave,
Three ſinking Realms, and half a World to *ſave*.
And with more *pain* to *Empire* ſhe her ſelf *reſign'd*,
Than at the laſt ſad *Hour* to *Heav'n* her peaceful *mind*.

That glorious *Trifle* of a *Throne*
Leſs *ſought*, tho more *deſerv'd* by none:
Wherever plac'd, ev'n *Envy* had confeſt
She ſtill had been the *greateſt* and the *beſt*:
Glorious *Eliza* we no more *prefer*,
Eliza's ſelf was but a *Type* of her:
Only the *Gleanings* of her *praiſe*,
If to be ſeen
In any other *Queen*,
Wou'd give a *double Crown*, and her t' a *Saint* wou'd raiſe.

IX.

Majeſty ſhe and *ſweetneſs* reconcil'd,
Shone like the *Sun*, yet like the morning *ſmil'd*;
How *eaſie* was her *State*! how *awful*, yet how *mild*!
She Reign'd above the mean *Diſguiſe*
Of *vulgar States* and *Policies*,
Whom their meer *dulneſs* drives on *Cheats* and *Lies*.
Goodneſs and *Truth* were the chief *Arts*
By which her *Friends* ſhe *charm'd*;
Her *Foes* (if any cou'd be ſo) *diſarm'd*,
Commanding her glad Subjects *Hands* and *Hearts*.
Steddy and chearful ſtill ſhe *ſteer'd*,
While we amidſt *contending Seas*
Enjoy'd the *Calm* of *Peace*,
Nor *Rocks*, nor *Tempeſts* fear'd.
The pond'rous *weight* of *Empire* did ſhe *ſhare*,
With *Ceſar's* ſelf *divide* th' important *Care*,
Not *Ceſar's* ſelf his *part* cou'd more *unſhaken* bear:
Alcides did great *Atlas eaſe*,
And *ſhe* our greater *Hercules*:
While he in eager *chace* of *Fame*
Does *Tyrants* quell and *Monſters* tame:
She bears the *glitt'ring Orbs* on high,
She bears the *ſtreſs* of *Earth* and *Sky*;
She bears unmov'd the *precious weight*
Of *Altar* both, and *Throne*;
Equal to both, tho ſhe alone
The *prop* of *Church* and *State*.

X. Since

X.

Since this and more her worſt of *Foes* conſeſt;
How were her *Merits* and their *Grief* expreſt
By thoſe whom moſt her *ſacred Friendſhip* bleſt!
How did the *Orphan-Church*, how juſtly ſhow
Her deep *Concern* at th' unexpected blow!
See where *EUSEBIA*, *ſad*, yet *fair* appears,
(None than *EUSEBIA*, *Mary* better *knew*,
And knowing needs muſt *love* her too.)
How *charming* ev'n in *Grief*, how *beautiful* in *Tears!*
(So looks the *Silver Moon*, when pleas'd to ſhrowd
Her *modeſt Rays* in a thin watry *Cloud*)
She try'd to *ward* the *blow*, and fain
Wou'd *Wreſt* away Heav'ns *Bolts*, but try'd in vain:
She *Sigh'd*, yet dar'd not of juſt *Heav'n* complain:
Low in the *Duſt* her ſelf ſhe flings,
And breaks her *Harps*, now uſeleſs *Strings*;
Her decent *Garments* ſully'd with a *Flood*
Of *Sacred Tears*, as once of *Sacred Blood.*
—Yet will I tell, ſaid ſhe,
If *Life* ſo long will laſt,
And *Sorrow* flows not in too faſt,
What *ſhe has been*, what others *ought* to be:
Againſt the weeping *Stones* ſhe *lean'd* her beauteous *Head*,
And thus, as ebbing *Tears* gave leave, ſhe ſaid:

XI.

O! ſhe was all that others wou'd be *thought*!
All that the preſent *Age* in *antient Rolls* have read,
Or from their *Fathers* have *receiv'd*,
But ſcarce *believ'd*
Of the *illuſtrious Dead*;
All, all her ſhining *Life*, and bleſt *Example* taught:
What *Honours* did ſhe on my *Sons* confer, (her?
Who while they *preach'd* themſelves, ſtill *learn'd* from
Juſt to their *Order*, tender of their *Fame*,
Like Heav'ns *dread Meſſengers* ſhe treated them:

No

No *Virtues* in her ſight cou'd unrewarded be;
If any *Fault* they made,
She *hid* 'em all in a *well-natur'd Shade*,
And what her *Judgement ſaw*, her *Goodneſs* wou'd not *ſee*.
Ah! who ſhall now *adorn*, or them *defend*!
Who ſhall adviſe, encourage, or commend!
Yet ſtill they've left a *ſurer*, *greater Friend*:
While *William* here does his kind *Aid afford*, (*Sword*;
And *guards* 'em with his *Shield*, and *guards* 'em with his
In Heav'n *his* ſtronger *Arm* their *Cauſe* maintains,
Who never *ſleeps*, who never *dyes*, who always *reigns*.

XII.

Sure ſhe was form'd by *Heav'n* to ſhew
What *undiſſembled Piety* cou'd do;
To what a height *Religion* might be rais'd;
(She *hears* not now, and therefore may be *prais'd*)
Wou'd *Virtue* take a *Shape*, ſhe'd chooſe t' *appear*
And think, and ſpeak, and dreſs, and *live* like her.
More *Courage* ſhe, than *our* rough Sex has ſhown;
More *tenderneſs* and *goodneſs* than her *own*.
Zeal without *Heat*, *Devotion* without *Pride*,
Work without *Noiſe* did all her hours divide:
Wit without *Trifling*, *Prudence* without *Guile*,
Pure Faith, which no falſe *Reaſonings* e're cou'd *ſpoil*
With her, ſecur'd and bleſt our happy *Iſle*.
One harſh, old faſhion'd *Truth* to *Court* ſhe brought,
And made it there almoſt *believ'd* agen;
Her *Practice* ſhew'd her *Judgment* thought
That *Princes* muſt be *ſav'd* like *other Men*.
No *ſingle World* cou'd her great *Soul* imploy,
Earth her *Diverſion* was, but *Heav'n* her *Joy*,
If ought with that her *Thoughts* cou'd ſhare
'Twas her ungrateful *Subjects Care*:
Our hov'ring *Fate* ſhe ſaw, and *ſtep'd* between,
Deſerving all her great *Forefathers* claim'd,
The *Faiths Defender* more than *nam'd*,
More than in *Title* the *Moſt* CHRISTIAN QUEEN.

XIII. Say

XIII.

Say all ye *Seraphs* who did her attend,
When daily *kneeling* at the *Throne*
That's only *brighter* than her *own*,
And ſay, thou *Guardian Friend*,
Who didſt ſo long thy darling *Charge* ſecure,
And her with *Walls* of *Fire* immure;
Saw you in all your *Provinces* below,
Or ſee ye now in *Edens* ſelf, above,
Where riſe the *ſecret Springs* of *Joy* and *Love*,
And in immortal *Rivers* flow,
A *Mind* more *firm* and *pure*?
Or ſaw you e'er her *Heart* or *Eye*
By any *Object* here amus'd,
When ſhe almoſt from Earths dull Plummet *loos'd*,
So oft before ſo *near approach'd* her *Kindred* in the *Sky*?
O *happy* you! and *happy* they,
Tho' *cloath'd* as yet in *mortal Clay*,
Happy alike, who waiting there
Did her *Devotion* ſee and ſhare;
Since ev'n an *Atheiſt* at the ſight of her
Had turn'd almoſt *Idolater*.
Say! did you ever ſee before
Your own *bleſt Courts reſembled* more;
Where thoſe, whom ſhe, alas! too ſoon muſt meet,
Down—Down—Down—Down
Each caſts his *Crown*,
His *Crown* and ſelf at the *Redeemers* Feet.

XIV.

Thus the fair *Mourner* part of *MARYS* Praiſe expreſt:
But who, who dares *preſume*
T' approach her private *ſacred Room*!
To *pry* into the *Ark*, and *learn*, and tell the *reſt*!
That may the *Veſtal Muſe*, the *Muſe* alone may dare,
For ſhe, tho clad in humble *ruſtic* gray,
Tho neither *beauteous* ſhe, nor *gay*,

Once, ah but *once* was there :
Nor her *rude Duty* did the *beſt* of *Queens* refuſe,
Nor did ſhe wear a *Frown*
To make her ſelf *unknown*,
Nor did ſhe juſtly *blaſt* th' aſpiring *Muſe*.
Her *Pardon* ſhe, and more did give,
The golden *Scepter* ſhew'd, and *bade*, and *made* her *live*.

XV.

Forgive! O *ſacred Shade!* Forgive once more
The ſame *Preſumption* that you did before!
And let the *Muſe*, whoſe *piercing Eyes*
Thro' *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future* ſpies,
You, in your bleſt *retirement* ſhow,
And tell what none but *Angels* know.
And ſee the dazling Scene ariſe!
Away Profane! you muſt not gaze,
Away! without the *hallow'd Bound!*
'Tis *Death* for all th' *unpurg'd* to paſs,
'Tis *Death* to touch the *ſacred Ground*.
But come, you Juſt, you Pious *Few*,
To whom her *Name* is ever dear,
Who more than *faſhionable Mourning* wear!
Come hither all, and *trembling* ſee
The *Queen*! It can be *none but ſhe*,
Raiſe every *Hand*! bend every *Knee!*
The *Queen* and *Heav'n* have there an *Interview*;
The laſt, e'er *Faith* is chang'd to *Sight*,
And for our *Eyes* ſhe grows too *bright*.
See that *attendant Angel* there,
Who bids her for *new Crowns* prepare;
At *awful Diſtance* he ſtood by,
She *farther* rais'd her *Heart* and *Eye*
To him from whom can nothing *ſecret* lie.
—Happy the Man whoſe *well-purg'd* Ear
Cou'd all of their bleſt *Converſe* hear!
But this alone
(Whence may with eaſe be gueſt
How well ſhe'd learnt the *Language* of the *bleſt*)
Unto the *liſtning Muſe* was known,
As *fleeting Suns* thro ſailing *Clouds* appear:

[—*On me! me only let the* Stroke *deſcend!*
Let my devoted Head *thy* Wrath *aſſwage,*
But ſpare my People, *ſpare thy* Heritage!
And, for their ſakes, *my* Lords *dear* Sacred Life *defend!*]

XVI.

She ſaid, her Pray'r th' *All-high* with *peals*
Of loud atteſting *Thunder* ſeals;
Her Pray'r obtains a new *Reprieve*;
We may, tho *Mary* muſt not *live*:
The *Angel*, who no more cou'd ſtay,
Bows, and *beckons* her away:
Gladly the *Meſſage* ſhe receives,
Gladly all but *WILLIAM* leaves:
This only her firm *Virtue* tries,
No *pains* ſhe felt, or cou'd all pains *deſpiſe*,
But what her *Royal Heart*
Endur'd, with *him* to *part*;
There, there her laſt *convulſive Agonies.*
More *ſtrong* and yet more *tender* ev'n than thoſe,
When each *revolving* Year
With pious *Grief* and *Fear*
She him *reſign'd*, to meet his *envy'd Foes*:
With more of *eaſe* her Soul cou'd from her Body fly
Than *Loves* far cloſer *Bonds unty.*
But that too ſure Commiſſion *Fate* did give
How cou'd *ſhe dye*, how cou'd *he live*?
'Twas eaſie, *Fate!* thy *Prey* to miſs,
He was *her Soul*, and *ſhe* was *his.* (*Day*,
—'Tis done—thro *Deaths dark ſhades* ſhe *wings* for
Nor can her *other Soul* behind her *ſtay*,
But *clambers* with her more than *half th' Ethereal way.*

XVII.

There had they *ſhin'd*, two *Stars* as bright
As ever did their *friendly Rays* unite,
To bleſs th' admiring world with *peaceful Light*;
Had not thoſe *Pow'rs* who for poor *Mortals* care,
Remember'd *Maries pious Pray'r*,
And all the *Godlike work* behind
For their lov'd Hero's *Arms* deſign'd;
Nor *Nature* two ſuch *Loſſes* in *one Age* cou'd bear.

But

But when his great *reluctling Soul* return'd,
Here muſt we draw a *Veil*,
Since all our *Art* wou'd fail
To ſhow how much her *Death*, and his own *Life* he *mourn'd*

XVIII.

**The French King (if there needs any explanation)*

Accurſt are thoſe, nor can they *more* be *curſt*
Who *hate* the *beſt* of *Princes*, *love* the * *worſt*:
Who on *themſelves* fix an eternal *Brand*,
And caſt *Confuſion* or'e the *bluſhing Land*:
Their *Prudence* theſe and their *Good-nature* ſhow
By their ignoble *Triumphs* at our *woe*.
None ſuch a *Loſs* like *William's Soul* cou'd *feel*;
No *weight* but ſuch as this, cou'd *bend* his *Steel*.
How *decent* all his *Grief*! how *juſt* appears!
How freely flow the Nations *Sympathetick Tears*!
Nor can his *Foes* eſteem it *Baſe*
That he to *Fate* it ſelf gives place,
And *reels*, and *ſtaggers* at th' *unequal blow*,
Since they to their *confuſion* know,
They never yet cou'd raiſe his *Grief* or *Fears*.

XIX.

See from the *Duſt* the *twice-born Hero* riſe!
See where he *throws* around his *languid* Eyes
Which never *droopt* before:
In vain he throws 'em round —*She's now no more!*
As much in vain his *Souls Efforts* did prove
When Lifes weak *Taper* trembled to remove,
And reach and joyn its *Conſort-Flame* above.
O why, *lov'd Prince!* doſt thou *purſue* ſo faſt!
Why makes thy *ſtrugling Soul* ſuch eager *haſt*?
When e're you *meet*, how *late* ſo e're for *thee*,
Too *ſoon* alas for us, and for the *World* 'twill be:
— Nor yet ſhall *Death* the *Conqueſt* gain,
Such ſtrong *Revulſives* ſtill remain:
Sound, *ſound* a *Charge!* Let *Wars* loud *Thunder* roar,
And ſhake the trembling *Gauls* perfidious *Shore!*

— It

—It takes —how faſt he *warms!*
With what a *generous Heat*
His *rallying Spirits* beat,
To *Arms!* to *Arms!*
His *Grief* will ſoon to *Martial Fury* turn,
And *France* our *Loſs* ſhall undiſſembling mourn.

XX.

So, might we *Great* compare with *Leſs*,
So when the *Forreſt's King*, whoſe *Voice* can make
The *Beaſts*, the *Trees*, the ſolid *Mountains* quake,
Is *robb'd* by *Fate* of his *lov'd Lioneſs*;
In his broad *Breaſt imperfect Thunders* groan,
He ſtalks along the *ſilent Shades* alone:
But if he chance from *far*
To *hear* the gath'ring *War*,
The Hunters *ſhout*, the Courſers *neigh*,
The *Eager Hounds* more loud than they;
He caſts his *flaming Eyes* around
Impatient to engage,
And laſhes his ſtrong *ſides*, and wakes his dreadful *Rage*,
And ſpurns the *Sand*, and fills the *Air*, and rends the *Ground*:
Th' ignoble *Covert* now diſdains,
And *ruſhes* out, and *roars*, and frights the trembling *Plains*:
See! the *Coward Hunters* fly
O'er thick *Brakes* and *Mountains* high;
O'er the *Fallows*, thro' the *Woods*,
O'er green *Lawns* and Cryſtal *Floods*;
Faſt they *fly*, *Fear* mends their *Haſt*,
But *Grief* and *Rage* purſue more faſt:
See! the *Troop* he overtakes!
See what *Ravage* there he makes!
Horſe and *Horſeman* both o'erthrows;
Theſe with his ſtrong *Paws* he rends,
Theſe with his *Train* to *Earth* he ſends,
And proudly *ſtalks* along o'er *heaps* of *panting Foes*.

XXI.

'Tis *glorious* in undaunted Fight
T' *aſſert* an injur'd *Nations* right;
'Tis yet more *glorious*, more divine,
With *Earth* and *Heav'n* againſt a *common Foe* to joyn;
To *Vindicate* the World from ſome proud *Tyrants* Chain:
—So lov'd, ſo fear'd does our *Great William* reign,
" While *France* and Hell *croſs his ſtrong Fate in vain.*
Yet ah! how gladly his dread *Sword* he'd *ſheathe*,
Or with it here at home engage
The *Monſtrous Vices* of the Age,
Wou'd not the while the *Gallic Hydra breathe.*
For Peace the angry *Warrior* fights,
In *Peace* kind Heav'n it ſelf *delights*,
Peace grows on *Eden's* happy *Plains*,
Where now in *Peace* bleſt MARY reigns.

XXII.

How was *Heav'n mov'd* at her *arrival* there!
With how much more than uſual *Art* and *Care*
The Angels, who ſo oft to *Earth* had gone
And born her *Incenſe* to th' *Eternals Throne*,
For her *new Coronation* now prepare!
How *welcome*! how *careſs'd*
Among the *bleſt*!
—And firſt, mankinds *Great Mother* roſe,
Give way, ye *crowding Souls!* ſaid ſhe,
That I the *ſecond* of my *Race* may ſee!
But, e'er ſhe came, the *Firſt* did *Interpoſe*;
(Whom *next* my God and King,
Next, and but *next* I'll ſing,)
The *other* MARY, who to meet her goes:
How *like* their *Charms*! how full of *Grace!*
O *better Mother* of our *ſinful Race!* (*Face!*
How great her *Meen*! how ſweet her *Air!* how bright her

The

XXIII.

The *Worthies* of the *Hebrew Line*
Did their *adopted Brethren* joyn ;
Her ſight a *Concourſe* did engage
Of every *Sex* and every *Age* :
Here did brave *Deborah* appear,
Pulcheria there, *Eliza* here :
Our Edward, *their Joſiah*, near ally'd
Their *Fates*, both bleſt, the World no more they try'd,
Bleſt that they *liv'd* ſo *well*, nor thought too *young* they (*dy'd.*
Here *hoary Patriarchs*, and *Apoſtles* ſtand ;
The *Martyrs* there, a goodly *ſhining Band*,
Theſe near the *Altar*, near the *Sons Right Hand* :
Vaſt was the *Altar*, wond'rous to *behold !*
With *living Gems* it *flam'd*, and *heavenly Gold* ;
From under whoſe *broad Baſe*, which did preſent
The *beauteous Arch* of ſome *new Firmament*,
The *kneeling Souls*, who, when for *Truth* they dy'd
Had Mercy ask'd for thoſe
Who were their cauſleſs *Foes*,
Now, all, as loud for *Vengeance* cry'd :
* " Holy and True ! How long ! — *6 Revel. 10, 11.*
(This was their *matchleſs Song* :)
" How long muſt the proud *Whore* in triumph *reign*,
" Her *ſcarlet* Robes in *Blood* ſtill deeper ſtain ?
" How long ſhall *Earth blaſpheme !* how long will *Heav'n*
When from the *Throne* a *Voice* was giv'n (refrain !
Which ſhook the *Poles* of *Earth* and *Heav'n* :
" There reſt in *Peace !* our Friends ! it ſaid,
" And *wait* for all the *martyr'd Dead !*
" Nor muſt our *Bolts* ſo ſoon be ſent,
" You're not *complete*, *Man* may *repent*.
" The while aſcend one *Order higher*,
" And joyn the ſtill-encreaſing *Quire !*
Forward they *move*, while *Angels* bring
A *Harp*, a *Robe*, a *Crown*,
Inſtalling every one
A *Poet*, *Prieſt*, and *King*.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But who are thoſe? that *mighty Three*
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Who *marching* up abreaſt
Approach, great *Queen!* to *welcome* thee?
The moſt *Majeſtic* there
A *double Crown*, the reſt a *ſingle* wear:
Two, *Branches* ſeem of the *Naſſovian* Line,
Aurange! Coligny!—Yes, they're they!
Such *Beams* around their *Temples* us'd to *play*.
The third is *Martyr'd CHARLES*, ſtill *more Divine*:
It muſt be *Martyr'd CHARLES*, he looks ſo *good*,
His *Ermins* dy'd with his own *ſacred Blood*:
By ſacrilegious *Hands*, *all Victims* fell,
All ſent too ſoon to *Heav'n* by *Monſters* rais'd from *Hell*!
All their great *Kindred* welcome and embrace,
But *CHARLES*, the moſt and beſt,
Who thus her *Merit*, and his *Love* expreſt,
—"Welcome, thrice welcome to this *happy place*!
"Whoſe *Praiſe* nor *Envy* ſhall, nor *Age* deface,
"Thou beſt! thou deareſt *Name* of all my *Race*!
—And more he wou'd have ſaid, but *hears*
Th' *Intelligences tune* their *Spheres*,
And knew they wou'd ſome *wond'rous* thing
At her *Reception* ſing:
All in their Hands the *Harps* of God they *take*,
Nature, be ſtill!! No *Voice* beneath
The *Clouds* be heard! no *Wind* to *breath*,
No *Leaf* to *ſhake*!

XXV.

* "—How *wond'rous* are thy *Works*! how *bright*,
"O of unbounded *Pow'r* and *Might*!
"Yet if we ought can *add* unto thy *Praiſe*,
"We for the *Truth* and *Juſtice* of thy *Ways*,
"O *King of Saints*! will *nobler Trophies* raiſe.

* 15 *Revel.* 3, 4.

What

What *Mortal*, form'd of *Duſt* and *Clay*,
What *Mind!* to thee as *weak* as they,
Can in thy *angry ſight* appear,
Or at thy *Voice* can chooſe to *Fear* ?
If once thy *Voice* they not *obey*,
It ſoon can take the *Life* it *gave*,
Tho' rather, thy *delight* to *ſave!*
O *Holy* Father! Spirit! and Son!
—Dread *Holy Three!* Dread *Holy One!*
Thy *Eyes*, how *perfect* and how *pure!*
All thoſe approve,
Who *Virtue* love,
Nor can the ſmalleſt *Stain* of *guilt* endure.
Tho' long the *ſtupid World* has been
Enſlav'd to *Error*, loſt in *ſin*,
Did long thy *ſaving Health* deſpiſe,
Now the fair *years* in comly *Order* riſe:
The *ſtupid World* ſhall worſhip *Fiends* no more,
(Their *Temples* by th' *Almighties Frown*,
Their ſmoaking *Altars* thunder'd down)
But thee and thy dread *Son*, O *King* of *Kings!* adore.

A POEM

On the Death of his Grace

JOHN

Late Lord Arch-biſhop

OF

CANTERBURY.

I.

FInd me ſome place *yet more remov'd* from Day;
Impervious to the Suns all-cheering *Light*;
Where *Comfort* caſts no *Gleam*, kind *Heav'n* no *Ray*
Loſt in the double *Shades* of *Grief* and *Night*,

II.

There will I *mourn* till I grow *old* in *Tears*,
Till I th' *unkind*, the *ſpiteful World* have ſhown,
Tis a *true Black* my unbought *Sorrow* wears,
'Tis for my *Countrys Loſs*, and not my *own*.

III. When

III.

11 S. *John*, 35, 38. When he, whom *Deaths* hard *ſleep* in vain did *bind*,
In his dark *Grotto* immaturely ſlept;
A greater *Mourner* than if all *Mankind*
Shrouded in black had waited, *JESUS*, wept.

IV.

He taught us *Tenderneſs* where e'er 'twas due;
Nor e'er cou'd *Tomb* to more than this pretend;
Which ſhall this Truth to *Grandchild Ages* ſhew,
Here lies, *Mankinds*, *and God's*, *and Ceſar's Friend.*

V.

Say *Envy's* ſelf, if Envy's ſelf can ſay,
If to his *God* he was not pure from Blame!
His *Soul* ſhin'd thro' with ſo divine a *Ray*,
As clear conſeſt the *Heav'n* from whence ſhe came.

VI.

Juſt, all his *Thoughts* of God, all *great* and *bright*;
Mild *Majeſty* with awful *Goodneſs* vail'd;
Such as might Man *allure*, and not *affright*;
All *worthy* him, who Heav'ns great *Lord* is hail'd.

VII.

No *black Idea*, form'd from *Guilt* or *Fear*,
Or by illnatur'd *Ign'rance ill-defin'd*;
But ſuch, as pure, unmatter'd *Angels* wear;
Such he himſelf, now rais'd to *perfect Mind.*

VIII.

Humbly he *lov'd*, whom gladly he *obey'd*;
Serene his *Pray'rs*, *unclouded* as his *Brow*;
Beneficent and *Good* to all he made
He *taught* him *then*, and ſuch he *finds* him *now.*

Him

IX.

Him he thro all the *Maze* of *Matter* trac'd,
In every *Particle* his *Footſteps* found,
Who firſt a *ſhore* to the wild *Chaos* plac'd,
And *Atom* cloſe to *Brother-Atom* bound.

X.

In *Heav'ns* wide *Arch* he found, and *ſhow'd* him there
Adorn'd in all his *Furniture* of *Light*;
Then, here *tranſcrib'd* in *Strokes* almoſt as *fair*,
In *laſting Characters* almoſt as *bright*.

XI.

O'er this vaſt *Globe* did his *bold Pencil* ſhow
How all his *Works* did ſpread their *Makers Fame*;
How *aged Mountains* ſtand, and *Waters* flow,
And every *Flow'r* and *Inſect* wears his *Name*.

XII.

No *flatt'ring Colours* on weak *Reaſons* laid,
No *droſſy mixtures* with the purer *Ore*;
Strongly he *built*, and *firm Foundations* made
From *Truth's*, and *Nature's* unexhauſted Store.

XIII.

Yet his ſtrong *Reaſon* to his *Faith* he *bent*,
By new *Elaſtic Pow'rs* ſtill *ſtronger* made;
Yet *more-than-nat'ral Truths* had his *Aſſent*,
Who, where he cou'd not *comprehend*, obey'd.

XIV.

Ah *miſcall'd Reas'ners!* who wou'd *Reaſon* bring
Th' *Eternal Word* and *Reaſon* to dethrone!
Your *Faith* refuſe to your *Almighty King*;
Protection take, yet no *Allegiance* own.

XV.

Who a *Man-God*, a *Sub-Supreme*, create,
Not to the great *God-man* juſt *Honours* pay:
Rob the *Creator* of his *Kingly State*,
And yet to one you *think* a *Creature pray*.

XVI.

When *left* by God how *vain* a *Thing* is *Man!*
How *weak* his *Mind* from its *true Center* thrown!
Chriſt's Myſteries you can't *believe*, but can
Such pure *myſterious Nonſence* of your own.

XVII.

Not ſo this *Champion* of his *Saviour's* Name,
Whoſe weighty *Pen* did *Hereſy* confound:
His Sermons againſt the Socinians. Secur'd his *own* and th' injur'd *Churches Fame*,
And laid the *Poliſh Monſter* on the Ground.

XVIII.

He knew ev'n *Natures* ſelf had *Myſteries*
Too deep for ſhallow *Reaſon's finite* Line:
Nor lookt againſt the *Sun*; nor clos'd his *Eyes*;
Nor equall'd *humane* Knowledge with *divine*:

XIX.

Nor all believ'd who from th' *Eternal King*
Commiſſion plead, but can't produce his *Hand*;
A falſe, a *forging Race*, who only bring
His *miſcall'd Vicar's* ill-diſſembled *Brand*.

XX.

Tho all *Mankind* he lov'd, he cou'd not thoſe,
Whoſe *monſtrous Faith's* full contradiction-ſize;
Who on the *Senſe* of all *Mankind* impoſe,
And with *implicit Faith believe* in *Lyes*:

Who

XXI.

Who old deform'd *Idolatry* new paint,
And *Images* to their loſt *Shrines* reſtore,
(The *Name* juſt chang'd, the *Hero* turn'd to *Saint*;)
Where *Demons* lodge as *quiet* as *before*.

XXII.

Whoſe whole *Religion*, turn'd to *Cheat* and *Trade*,
Did *all devour*, like *Babels Idol Thief*:
Who to the *Rich* all *Lewdneſs venial* made,
But *damn'd* th' *inſolvent Poor* without Relief.

XXIII.

None e'er with *neater Senſe*, or *cloſer* laid, (done:
Unmask'd their *Frauds* than thou, *Great Man!* haſt
As once the *French* of *Talbots* name affraid,
We'll ſtill th' *Italians* now with *TILLOTSON!*

XXIV.

Yet no wild *Motions* e'er diſturb'd his Breaſt,
His *Reaſon*, not his *Paſſion* kept him *warm*;
No *warring Winds* his peaceful *Soul* oppreſt,
Where blew a gentle *Breeze*, but not a *Storm*.

XXV.

As he *already* liv'd in *Paradice*
All-*equally* his happy *Hours* did flow;
Unruffled he by *Int'reſt*, or by *Vice*;
He never knew a *Thought* or *Care* ſo *low*.

XXVI.

Pardon dear *Country!* if that *Heat* I blame
Which but too oft our *Freeborn Minds* enſlaves!
Let *Rome* alone th' *unerring Title* claim;
Why ſhou'd I *ſtorm*, becauſe another *raves*?

Or

XXVII.

Or waſh'd by *Seas*, our *Fire*, like *Etna*, *glows* ;
Or the ſtrong *Spirits* within, too cloſely *pent*,
Prey on themſelves, for want of other *Foes*,
And, *fuming*, to unnat'ral *Warmth* ferment.

XXVIII.

When th' *angry Brothers* did Heav'ns *Bolts* deſire,
Juſtly did them the *Prince of Peace* reprove ;
Taught 'em to *conquer* with a *milder Fire*,
To *conquer* with the kindlier *Warmth* of *Love*.

XXIX.

If this a *Fault*, ev'n that *Apoſtle* err'd,
Whoſe *great ſoul* ſtoop'd, and *all to all* was *made* ;
Who *Charity* to *Faith* it ſelf preferr'd,
And yet no *Truth* deny'd, of none *affraid*.

XXX.

Thus our true *Follower* of his Saviours *Life*,
Who in his *ſhining Paths* exactly went,
Taught without *Noiſe*, and *differ'd* without *ſtrife* ;
Soft were his *Words*, but *ſtrong* his *Argument*.

XXXI.

Not holy *Cranmer* eaſier cou'd *forgive*,
Or more of *heav'n-born Charity* expreſs'd ;
Firm to his *Friend*, a *ſurer* ne'er did live ;
Tho' moſt to *Truth*, the *greateſt*, and the *beſt*.

XXXII.

Such great *Armagh*, who perfect long before,
Amid the bleſt a *Starry Mitre* wears ;
Such many a *Confeſſor* and *Martyr* more,
And ſuch that *Saint* who now demands our *Tears*.

What

XXXIII.

What grateful *Crowds* did him in Glory wait,
Whom his calm *Reas'nings* thither ſhow'd the Way!
How *Bleſt* his ſhare in that *unchanging State!*
How *bright* he ſhines in thoſe bright *Realms* of *Day!*

XXXIV.

What *Clouds* of *Pray'rs* did *waft* him to that Place,
Where *Seraphs* ſing with heavn'ly *Ardour* fir'd,
All-gazing on the *Beatific Face!*
The *firſt Preferment that he e'er deſir'd.*

XXXV.

In him the *Orphan* a new *Father* found,
While *Widows* ſcarcely their *loſt Lords* lament;
A gentle *Surgeon* he for e'ery *Wound*;
Exiles with him *enjoy'd* their *Baniſhment.*

XXXVI.

None ever *griev'd* did from his *Preſence* goe;
The *Poor* with ſuch a Godlike *Sweetneſs* rais'd,
They ſcarce cou'd blame their *Fate* that made 'em ſo;
While Heav'n and him their juſt *devotion* prais'd.

XXXVII.

Favour'd by *God* and *Man*, and full of *Grace*,
By all his *Wrongs* unbroken, all his *Cares*;
Eternal Youth ſmil'd in his reverend *Face*,
Tho' pure as *Virgin-Snow* his *Silver Hairs.*

XXXVIII.

To *Heav'n* he *pay'd*, or to the *World* he *lent*
That *Time* which he ſo juſtly did divide
On both ſo *much*, and yet ſo *well* he ſpent,
That, like the *Loaves*, you'd think it *multiply'd.*

XXXIX.

How *clear* his *Soul*! how firm his gen'rous *Breaſt*!
How vaſt the *Compaſs* of his mighty *mind*!
How fairly all in his grave *Looks* expreſs'd!
Not for *himſelf*, but *born* for *whole Mankind*.

XL.

Where'er *Heav'n* call'd, and his great *Genius* went,
He ſtill excell'd, in *Pulpit*, *Church* and *State*;
To all a bright, a laſting *pattern* lent,
For *moſt* t' *admire*, and *ſome* to *imitate*.

XLI.

A *Stateſman* free from *Int'reſt* or *Deſign*,
A *Prelate* watchful, painful, humble, wiſe:
How did he, then, when in the *Pulpit* ſhine,
Commanding Mortals *Ears*, and Angels *Eyes*! *

* 1 Pet. 1. 12.

XLII.

So *Moſes* ſpake when he from *Sinai* came
And *Iſr'el* did high-Heav'ns *Credentials* ſhow;
So look'd, his *Temples* crown'd with radiant *Flame*,
On all the *dazzled Auditors* below.

XLIII.

Tho' *peaceful*, like his *Lord*, this *Saint* appear'd;
No ſtrugling *Thunder* rais'd, or *Mountains* rent:
A *ſtill ſmall Voice*, like whiſp'ring *Winds*, was heard,
Which pierc'd the *ſecret Soul* where'er it went.

XLIV.

'Twas *Muſic*, *Poetry*, and *Rapture* all,
The *Sweets* of his orac'lous *words* to ſhare;
As *ſoft* they fell as balmy *Dew-drops* fall,
As *ſmooth* as undiſturb'd *etherial Air*.

In

XLV.

In him how many *various Graces* meet!
Hooker's weigh'd Periods, not *perplex'd* or *long*:
As *Waller's Senſe* correct, or *Numbers* ſweet;
Cleaner his *Thought* than *Wilkins*, and as *ſtrong*.

XLVI.

One Word you cannot *add* or *take away*;
Compleat, as *Virgils*, his Majeſtic *Senſe*;
To twenty *Ages*, if the World ſhall ſtay,
The *Standard* he of *Engliſh Eloquence*.

XLVII.

To all he writes one *Demonſtration* gives
Which gently *draws*, and yet *compels* aſſent:
Good Life; which ſhows that he *himſelf believes*;
Good Life, the moſt *perſuaſive Argument*.

XLVIII.

How cou'd the blackeſt *Malice* e'er oppoſe
So fair a *Fame*, a *Goodneſs* ſo *divine*?
Meekeſt on Earth! cou'dſt thou have any *Foes*?
But *God* and *Ceſar* have, and *theirs* were *thine*.

XLIX.

Scarce better that *brave man* his *Love* expreſs'd,
Or dearer *Marks* of *Loyalty* did ſhow,
The poiſon'd *Knife* aim'd at his Sovereigns breaſt,
Who ſtepp'd between to *catch* the *fatal Blow*.

L.

A *manly* not a *brute Submiſſion* paid,
Abhorr'd the *Rebel*, and abhorr'd the *Slave*;
From *Love*, not *Fear*, his Sovereign he obey'd;
Who is not *Loyal*, never can be *brave*.

When

LI.

When falſe *Licinius fled*, or did *reſign*,
He had the Chriſtians *Oaths* who fill'd his *Place*;
Still Loyal to the generous *Conſtantine*,
Tho' injur'd by the *faithleſs Pagan Race*.

LII.

Shou'd ſome old loſt *Plantagenet* ariſe,
And plead his *lineal Title* to the *Throne*,
Who'd not his *antiquated Claim* deſpiſe,
And ſtill the *brave* the *juſt Poſſeſſor* own?

LIII.

So he who claims our *Song*, and claims our *Grief*,
Who now the *Prey* of over-haſty *Fate*,
Of all the *Mitred Worthies* juſtly chief,
The firm *Supporters* of the *Church* and *State*.

LIV.

Whole Clouds of fiery *Darts* by *Malice* caſt
And *forg'd* in *Hell*, aim'd at the *Sacred Head*,
Moſt *glanc'd* on him, ſome ſhort, ſome over-paſt,
Some dropt *diſarm'd*, and at his *Feet* lay dead.

LV.

How calmly *ſmil'd* he at Hells fruitleſs *Spite*!
How *ſure*, and yet how *eaſie* his *Defence*!
Fearleſs he ſtood, and dar'd *infernal might*
Under his *ſeven-fold Shield of Innocence*.

LVI.

So generous *Scæva*, who for *Ceſar* fought,
And ſtood with *Groves* of *Deaths* encompaſs'd round,
While *Groves* of *Deaths* on his *broad Shield* he brought,
Diſarm'd the adverſe *Hoſt* without a *Wound*.

LVII.

Unmov'd by all th' ill-natur'd *World* cou'd do,
When *curs'd*, he *bleſt*; he *pray'd*, as they *revil'd*;
So well his Saviours *Life* and *Laws* he knew,
Abus'd, he turn'd the other *Cheek* and *ſmil'd*.

LVIII.

If any *Blot* in all his Life's fair *Field*,
'Twas height of *Goodneſs* made his *Judgment* ſtray:
Of his black *Foes* he, like the *Father*, held,
There might be *room in Heav'n* for ſuch as they.

LIX.

But he was *all a Saint*, and cou'd forgive;
Not ſo the *Muſe*, who does juſt *Bolts* prepare;
Ah no! his *Hands*, as while he here did live,
Still ſtop the *gath'ring Thunder* in the *Air*.

LX.

Since then we *pity* ſome, but few *deteſt*,
No farther Muſe! in this *ſad Scene* proceed!
Here draw a *modeſt Veil* before the reſt!
Ah gently touch the *Wound* which ſtill does *bleed*.

LXI.

Calm, as his *Life*, end then our grateful *Song*!
Calm as his *Soul*, when ſhe to *Glory* went:
Be the worſt *Word* to thoſe who him did *wrong*,
His own laſt *Wiſhes*, may *they all repent*!

LXII.

While thoſe, near warmer happier *Regions* born,
Weave coſtlier *Garlands* of immortal *Verſe*;
The beſt poor *Flow'rs* our barren *Hills* adorn,
Thus, waſh't in *Tears*, we bring to crown his *Herſe*.

F I N I S.

Advertiſement.

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